

P O E M S
O N *11661 ff12*

Several Occasions.

By H. G.
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L O N D O N,

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M D C C X L V I I I .

[Price Six Pence.]



P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

COLIN and CUDDY,
A
P A S T O R A L,

On the Marriage of Mrs. ****.

COLIN.

BELIEVE me, I with envious Surprize
View in thy chearful looks such pleasure rise,
Devoid of care thou tun'st thy rural strains ;
Nought Cuddy heeds the sufferings of our swains.

C U D D Y.

No Ruthful omen ever has foretold
 Mischiefs to me, or sickness to my fold.
 Why then should fear of fancy'd ill destroy,
 Or marr with bitter taint, my present joy?

C O L I N.

These jocund notes thou must awhile forego,
 And teach thy gladsome pipe to melt in woe,
 In careful dirge lament fair Delia gone:
 Ye vallies, swell with sympathetic moan.

C U D D Y.

Farewel, thou Muse, which erst cou'dst ease my mind,
 Pleasance in thee no more I hope to find.
 Farewel, my pipe, which erst cou'dst glad mine ear,
 Nought now but sorrow's accents shall I hear,
 Delia no longer can attend my verse,
 And listen to the sonnets I rehearse.

C O L I N.

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3

C O L I N .

To distant plains (thrice happy now, I ween)

Fled, oh! for ever fled fair Delia been.

A graceful youth secures her in his arms,

And by his own adds lustre to her charms.

C U D D Y .

Albe I grieve beyond what tongue can tell,

Yet gratitude commands I wish her well.

All that be good adorn the youth she loves!

Vain wish! he must be good whom she approves.

Heav'n guard the happy pair with watchful eye,

And lead them to the seats of endless joy.

C O L I N .

Whilst Delia's presence bless'd our happy plains,

How brisk our maidens were, how gay our swains!

Deep sorrow now in ev'ry face appears,

And ev'ry heart o'erflows in grateful tears.

Yet still may Delia be exempt from care;
The grief she causes may she never share.

C U D D Y.

No joy can last: why should we then lament
Our present ill? Be with past good content.
Let us thank Heav'n she deign'd to stay thus long,
And could submit to grace our rural throng.
May that humility exalt the maid
To crowns of glory which shall never fade.

C O L I N.

On Delia's lip good-nature alway smil'd,
Sweet as the rose, and as the turtle mild.
A modest greatness in her looks appear'd,
Above all rais'd her, and to all endear'd.
Yet why endear'd? It but augments our woe,
That such endearing greatness we did know.

C U D D Y.

C U D D Y.

When Delia saw distressed shepherds grieve,

Her gen'rous hand was ready to relieve.

Th' afflicted widow had forgot to sigh,

Nor scalding tears inflam'd the orphan's eye.

To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,

Was all the use she cou'd of gold areed.

On her to smile may Heav'n be still inclin'd,

For blessing her is blessing all mankind,

THYR.

T H Y R S I S,

A

P A S T O R A L

On the Birthday of Miss * * * *

THE dappled east now shew'd approaching day,
 And o'er the mountains peep'd the dawning ray,
 When Thyrsis wakeful sought the neighbour plain,
 His folds unpenn'd, and conn'd his rural strain.

Arise, my flock, partake thy master's joy,
 And to yon valley's shelter'd bushes hye.
 Through winter's rage tho' rough thy fleece and bare,
 And weak albe thy knees through evil fare,

Yet

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Yet hide thy mis'ries, and with cheerful play
Seem (and not only seem) to own the day.

A double fodder thou shalt now receive:

A double fodder I at night will give.

Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,

Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

This to all mine a holiday should prove,

Nor horse, nor ox shall work, nor plough shall move.

Thy shoulder, Hob, shall from the burden rest,

And Sue shall smile to see thy Sunday vest.

She laughs the clownish op'ning of thy mind,

And wishes Dick (—for Dick has land) was kind.

This day, fond lass, thou shalt thy pride forget,

Gold shall to love, and Dick to Hob submit.

Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,

Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Delia born.

Ye

Ye swains, who tread the flow'ry vales of Kent,

In grateful mirth be Daphne's birth-day spent.

O wondrous maid! cou'd we thy virtues blaze,

Our rustic pipes wou'd wanton in thy praise.

But, ah! such lofty subjects ill befit

A shepherd's humble reed, and awkward wit.

Tho' praise we can't, may our rude trials shew

The grateful homage to thy worth we owe.

Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,

Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

Whene'er she breathes, her breath a stream does bear

As vi'lets sweet, and fresh as morning air.

A velvet down upon her cheek does grow,

Fairer and softer than the new fall'n snow.

The spangling dew-drop yields to her bright eye,

As does her lip the blushing rose outvie:

And

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And from that lip more balmy sweetness flows,
Than bee can gather from the blushing rose.

Sacred, for ever sacred be the morn,

Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

Her graceful neck is by her circling hair
Nor quite conceal'd, nor left too rudely bare.

As lillies fair—What, shepherds, gently rise

As lillies fair beneath the kerchief's guise?

Oh! was that bosom half so kind as white,

'Twere heav'n itself to be indulg'd the sight.

But now, alas! what does such fight avail?

Tho' short the joy, it breeds a lasting ail.

Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,

Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

Wherfore prolong we thus our idle lays?

Little she recks of beauty, or its praise.

At

At morn it blooms, it wither'd is at eve,
And only can a sad remembrance leave.
More lasting beauties in her virtuous mind,
And all the mother's charms confess'd we find :
And meet we shou'd, since we from nature know,
Nor grapes on thorns, nor figs on thistles grow.
Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,
Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

In conversation none so sweet as she :
Tho' few her words, with wisdom fraught they be ;
Slow to condemn, to praise she's ever prone,
And justly sees all merit, but her own.
Reserv'd and steddy — Mischief seize the tongue,
Which shall with evil names those virtues wrong.
Reserv'd and steddy may'st thou ever prove,
Reserv'd to all, and steddy in thy love.
Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,
Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

Good

Good-nature does in her each act appear,
And in each word her gen'rous heart we hear.
A comely shyness low'rs upon her brow,
And speaks disdain of all things base, or low.
Her modest pride forbids too rude advance,
Threat'ning each swain who dares a wanton glance.
Small is the love she can to them impart,
Her Maker's self does so engage her heart.

Sacred, for ever sacred, be the morn,
Whose gladsome ray beheld fair Daphne born.

Long may she live, and num'rous birthdays tell,
Happy as they deserve who live so well.
Long may she live, and never blush to hear
The date reveal'd of each succeeding year.
Long may she live those virtues to improve,
Which here adorn her, and will bless above.

To

To a LADY
who had promised me a Visit.

COULD I, Blandissa, hope to write
Ought worthy your judicious sight,
I wou'd invoke Apollo's aid,
And call in each Pierian maid,
With whom I know you're well acquainted,
And their abodes have oft frequented.

But these to me are strangers all,
And I, belike, in vain might call.

I'm such a lifeless wretch, God knows,
I scarce can aim at ought but prose:
And that such heavy, lumpish stuff,
The style so quaint, and eke so rough,
To hear it once a week's enough.

Yet still, like other witlings, I,
E're we can walk, attempt to fly,

And

And each good-natur'd neighbour teaze,

That we our rhyming selves may please.

Here custom pleads in our defence,

And clears us of impertinence.

For if you will mankind survey,

You'll find, I dare be bold to say,

That all contemn their neighbour's ease,

And labour but themselves to please.

The soldier tells us, that he draws

His weapon in his country's cause :

And, I confess, th' excuse is good

For such a waste of Christian blood.

But there's much room, alas! to fear

The truest reason don't appear.

Ambition, int'rest, pow'r, and fame

Are oft the warrior's only aim.

For these he seeks the martial plain,

Drench'd in the blood of thousands slain.

*Tis

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'Tis private pleasure he pursues,
Though public welfare's the excuse.

The patriot next—but hold ; unless
A man your politics cou'd gues,
I better may, on second thought,
Some more inferior instance quote.
Ask each old batchelor, or maid —
But here to instance I'm afraid :
For some perhaps might take offence,
And curse my rash impertinence.
All think the cap themselves will suit :
And thus poor Harry must be mute,
Except you'll give him leave to shew
From your own self his thesis true.

You now regard not ought that passes
Among the S——k lads and lasses ;
(Ladies, I mean, would rhyme permit)
But in your chimney corner sit,

I

And

And scarce will once a month vouchsafe

To join us in the social laugh.

Our former mirth, and pleasantry

Is sunk to dull formality,

And that because we want your art

To rouse the dull, and life impart.

As soon as I have finish'd grace,

And each demurely takes his place,

One yawning cries — Well now, I swear,

I wish we had Blandissa here.

Another just has strength to say, —

There is no life when she's away.

You promis'd once to come and see

The curate's cell, and taste his tea.

But now I find the proverb's true,

'Tis easier much to say, than do.

From you to us, in days of yore,

Was but one mile and little more,

B

Which

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Which now is such a way to come,
You might as well be plac'd at Rome.
While pouting thus you never roam
From dear Mama, and native home,
'Tis plain you study your own ease,
Regardless what may others please.

You must allow me then to use
This gen'ral rule in my excuse ;
And let me frankly own I write
To give myself, not you, delight.

Facetè,

Facetè, lepidè, lautè.

COTTA, bles'd with large estate,
 To make amends for empty pate,
 In spite of nature, will pretend
 To be a merry, witty friend.
 The pretty rogue has been at France,
 Can play small-sword, or whore, or dance;
 At ev'ry Coffee-house is known,
 And ev'ry tea-table in town.
 At ev'ry opera crouds the pit,
 And shews away for man of wit;
 There ogles all the play-house round,
 From each he sees receives a wound.

When Celia tunes the warbling lyre,
How glows his soul with love's soft fire !
When o'er the strings her fingers move,
His heart too leaps, and ev'ry pulse beats love.
But music can no more delight,
When fair Camilla comes in sight.
Struck with the light'ning of her eyes,
A captive at her feet he lies,
Till Cloe's more prevailing charms
Command the lover to her arms.
Her artless elegance of dress,
Her beauty, wit, and wantonness,
Make her the loveliest of her kind,
Till he some newer love can find.

Whenever Cotta walks the streets,
He claims a friend in each he meets ;

Known,

Known, or unknown, 'tis all the same,

Enough if he can hit the name.

He thinks he pleases ev'ry one,

But yet, alas! he pleases none.

He tells his travels o'er and o'er,

Repeats to each some old amour.

Reads billet-doux to Cloe writ,

Stuff'd with some vain tea-table wit.

Tells whom he ogled at the play,

Or how he kick'd a bully's a —

(I cou'd have rhym'd to r, s, e,

But pray excuse my modesty.)

Then, if you seem to like the joke,

He looks his watch, tells what's o'clock.

“ Come, Sir, I have not much to do,

“ Egad I'll take a walk with you.

" I find you love a man of wit,

" Now you shall have enough of it."

If this be wit, kind heav'n, defend
Poor me from such a witty friend.



A SONG,

A S O N G.

FOND Reason, ah ! where art thou fled ?
 Thy empire why wou'dst thou resign ?
 A tyrant now rules in thy stead
 With sway more despotic than thine.

When first he ascended thy throne,
 A sweetness like thine he did wear,
 And promis'd much pleasure unknown ;
 That pleasure proves sorrow, I fear.

Each passion enjoys it's full scope,
 And spurns all restraint thou had'st laid :
 Ambition now swells ev'ry hope ;
 Fair prudence with modesty's fled.

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Such uproar, submissive I cry'd,
Bright Reason will never approve:
Insulting the tyrant reply'd,
Thy monarch, tell Reason, is Love.



—*All is Vanity*, Eccles. i. 2.

MAN! foolish man ! how vain are all thy cares!
 How trifling all thy wishes, all thy fears!
 Search through the world : How few, alas ! we find,
 Whose hoodwink'd reason not misleads the mind !
 Soon as the tongue unlocks the fetter'd thought,
 Disclosing what our infant wishes sought,
 The fault'ring accents beg some foolish toy,
 Which, when enjoy'd, is thrown neglected by.
 Our first desires, tho' fickle thus and vain,
 Deep in the breast are fix'd, there still remain :

Nor

Nor quit us when the bloom of youth appears,

Nor when we sink beneath the load of years.

With youthful vigour while the bosom glows,

And the gay soul no galling sorrow knows,

What scenes of folly open to our view!

How ardent we each vanity pursue!

Tyrannic passions reason's throne invade,

And lords become, whom nature servants made,

The ear to tickle, to delight the eye,

We th' utmost stretch of art and fancy try:

Still hope, we may some unknown pleasure find,

Some new enjoyment for the fated mind.

Wine o'er the soul a soft nepenthe throws,

And music lulls her to a sweet repose.

But when we from the fond delusion wake,

With shame we view and own the dire mistake.

Soon

Soon as bright reason we permit to reign,
She shews how false those pleasures are, and vain.
Mid-night debauches fire the salient blood,
And dart fell poison through the vital flood.
The flowing bowl unnumber'd ills succeed,
Seize the faint limbs, and rack the tortur'd head :
Pains, which but mock the fond musician's art,
Who vainly strives to ease the anguish'd heart.

Come, gentle love, thy genial warmth display,
Chear the faint spirits with thy gladsome ray:
Let the fair nymph with graceful step draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye.
To deck her form be each perfection join'd,
And ev'ry virtue to adorn her mind.
Say, can the balmy blandishments of love
The worm of sorrow from our breast remove ?

Rather than soothe, won't love our cares encrease,
Steal from our heart the small remains of peace?
Shou'd the fair nymph return of love deny—
Or should she with our ardent wish comply,
How short the bliss, how transient is the joy!
A few, if happ'ly those few years remain,
Will prove the passion and its pleasures vain.

Rise then, my soul, and wisdom's paths pursue,
To ev'ry folly bid thy last adieu,
The secret depths of nature's womb explore,
And to thy kindred stars on learning's pinions soar.
What can we from the midnight study gain?
A dear bought proof that all our search is vain.
Truth flies our sight, eludes our eager grasp,
We in her stead some airy phantom clasp.
Then by experience taught, too late we find,
Learning can nothing but distract the mind.

Alike

Alike the learned and the fool must die,
Both in the grave shall undistinguish'd lie.

There, then, at last we shall be taught to know,
That all is vanity we left below.

F I N I S.





Speedily will be published,

SUNDAY, a SATYR,

